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# NUTCRACKER AND MOUSEKING.

A Legend.

BY

E. TH. A. HOFFMANN.

*PREPARED AS AN ACCOMPANYING TEXT TO THE MUSIC  
OF THE SAME NAME BY CARL REINECKE.*

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BOSTON:  
LOCKWOOD, BROOKS, AND COMPANY.  
1876.

**Musk**

ML

59

R37

N93

Music  
GIFT  
11-21-60

## P R E F A C E .

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FROM the frequent rendering of the charming Reinecke music, which so faithfully recalls the wit and humor of the dainty Hoffmann legend, arose the wish that an arrangement of the poem and music might be made, which could benefit a larger circle of listeners, even if only in the drawing-room. The experiment was attended with such great success, that the esteemed composer himself desired the publication of the little work. Of course the legend, in connection with the music, must be greatly condensed; but whatever is thereby marred is compensated for by the novel presentation of the whole, which insures a satisfactory and unique enjoyment, besides requiring but one reader, and two (not even very skilful) pianoforte players.

(Signed)

L. M.

N.B. — (a.) The separated words are to be read *with* the music. (b.) The words in parentheses are notes for the reader only.



**NUTCRACKER AND MOUSEKING.**





## NUTCRACKER AND MOUSEKING.

(No. 1. *Overture.*)

**Q**N the 24th of December, the children of Dr. Stahlbaum were not permitted, during the whole day, to enter the middle-room, and much less the adjoining room of festivities. In a corner of the little back-chamber, Fritz and Marie sat cuddled together. The deep evening twilight had come, and they began to feel almost afraid; for, as was customary on this day, no light was brought in. Fritz whisperingly confided to his little sister (who was only just seven years old), how, since early morning, he had heard a rustling, rattling, and soft ticking in the closed



room; and that, not long before, a little dark man with a large box had glided through the hall; but he knew that it could have been none other than Godfather Drosselmeier. Then Marie clapped her little hands together, and exclaimed joyfully, "Oh! what can Papa Drosselmeier have made for us?"

Judge Drosselmeier was not a nice-looking man at all, but was small and thin; had a great many wrinkles in his face. Instead of his right eye, he had a large black plaster; and he had no hair, for which reason he wore a beautiful white wig, which was made of glass, and was an ingenious piece of workmanship. Indeed, Papa Drosselmeier himself was an ingenious man; for he understood clocks, and could even make them. When he came, he always brought in his pocket something pretty for the children; but at Christmas time he had invariably prepared some especially wonderful invention. The children guessed

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this and that, as to what they might probably have this time. Marie came to the conclusion that little Mlle. Witch, her large doll, had altered very much, and, being more awkward than ever, fell every minute to the floor; then, too, one could no longer perceive any cleanliness in her dress. Fritz convinced himself that a good large fox was lacking in his stable, which was perfectly well known to his papa.

The older sister, Louisa, advised the children to remember, that it was the dear, holy Christ who gave them presents, through the parents' hands, and that he knew best what would give the children true happiness: so, for that reason, they must await very patiently and quietly what he might bring them. Little Marie was quite lost in thought over it. Fritz, however, murmured, "But, for all that, I do want a fox and some hussars."

It had become perfectly dark.

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(No. 2. *Christmas Eve.*)

(The following is to be read during the opening music, and should continue to the 13th bar.)

Fritz - and - Marie - sitting - close - together - did - not - dare - to - speak - a - word - . It - seemed - to - them - as - if - soft - wings - rustled - around - them - and - as - if - far - distant - but - very - beautiful - music - could - be - heard - . A - bright - light - was - reflected - upon - the - wall - and - the - children - knew - that - then - the - Christ - child - was - being - borne - away - on - shining - clouds - to - other - happy - children - .

(Pause.)

(The music continues. At the 45th bar, the reader recommences ; so that the words, "Ring-a-ling, ring-a-ling," come in on the same tone as the music at the two marked bars. The remaining words must hold out very accurately, but, of course, with perfectly natural expression, to the 56th bar.)

In - an - instant - sounded - a - silvery - ring - a - ling ! - ring - a - ling ! The - doors - flew - open - and - such - dazzling - light - streamed - from - the - room - that - the - children - with - loud - exclamations - of " Oh , oh ! " stood - spell - bound - on - the - threshold - .

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(Pause until the end of the music.)

After a little while, Marie, with a deep sigh said, "Oh, how beautiful!" while Fritz attempted some somersets, which were exceedingly successful. The children must have been particularly good this year; for they had never before had so much that was beautiful given to them. Marie gazed at the loveliest dolls, and other elegant articles, among them a fine new dress. In the mean time, Fritz, galloping around the table, had taken possession of his new fox. On stopping again, he thought to himself, "It's a *wild* beast, but that's no matter: I can fight him already." Then the children, having become quieter, wished to look through the beautiful picture-books, when, again, there was a ringing: then they knew that Papa Drosselmeier would show them his present. A screen, which had hidden a table standing by the wall, was quickly removed; and oh, what the children saw then! Upon a green

grassplot, decked with gay flowers, stood a very magnificent castle, with its many doors and windows made of looking-glass. A chime of bells was heard; doors and windows flew open; and very small but elegant gentlemen and ladies, with feather hats, and trained dresses, could be seen promenading in the halls.

(No. 3. *Papa Drosselmeier's Automata.*)

After Fritz, standing with arms akimbo, had watched the little moving figures awhile, he said, "Now, Papa Drosselmeier, just let me get into your castle."—"That's not to be done, little Fritz," said the godfather. "Well, then let the man with the green cloak, who is always looking from the window, come out through the door."—"That's not to be done, either," replied the judge somewhat angrily. "Indeed?" persisted Fritz. "Now, see here, papa: if your little finified people can only do the same thing all the time, they

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don't amount to much." So back he went to the Christmas-table. Marie, too, was soon tired of the dancing-dolls ; but she was too good to let it be noticed, as Brother Fritz had done. At last, however, she also crept back to the Christmas-table, which she did not wish to leave again ; for there, among Fritz's hussars, an excellent little man could be seen, standing still and modest, as if he were waiting for his turn to come. In regard to his appearance, there was much that was objectionable ; for it was noticeable that his rather long, stout body was not just suitable for the little thin legs, and his head also appeared by far too large. Becoming dress makes amends for a great deal ; and this may be decided by a man of taste and refinement. It was certainly comical, that with the bright violet hussar jacket, and handsome boots, he had hung on behind a scant, clumsy cloak, which looked like wood, and had put on a miner's hat. Nevertheless, Marie thought to her-

self, that even Papa Drosselmeier wore an ugly-looking dressing-gown, and a horrid cap ; but yet he was a very dear papa for all that. From the bright green and somewhat prominent eyes of the little man, there spoke only friendliness and kindness. It was very becoming to him that he wore on his chin a nicely-curled, white cotton-wool beard ; for his pleasant smile was the more observable.

“ O papa dear ! who does the nice little old man belong to ? ” Marie at last cried out. “ He,” said their father, “ will work hard for you all : he is to crack nuts for you.” Thereupon their father took him carefully from the table ; and, when he raised the wooden cloak, the little man opened his mouth wide. Marie put in a nut ; and, with a crack, the man bit it in pieces. Now he had to crack a great quantity of nuts ; and Fritz always picked out the largest ones. But one time, when it went Crack ! three little teeth fell from

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Nutcracker's mouth; and his chin became loose and shaky. Marie screamed aloud, collected the little teeth, and bound a pretty ribbon around the chin of the poor little thing, who looked very pale and frightened: then she took him in her arms, and looked over the new picture-books. Papa Drosselmeier teased her because she took so much care of such a fearfully homely little fellow; but she became almost angry, and said to him, "Who knows, papa, whether you would look so very pretty, if you were to put on Nutcracker's clothes?" She did not know, at all, why her parents laughed so loudly, nor why Papa Drosselmeier blushed so: perhaps he had his particular reasons.

At the doctor's, in the sitting-room, was a glass cupboard, where the children were allowed to keep their playthings. On this evening Fritz had already placed his new hussars on the upper shelf; and Marie had put her new doll in the



finely furnished room on the lower shelf. It had become almost midnight; and their mother now advised the children to go to bed.

Fritz obeyed; but Marie begged to be permitted to remain there just a little while longer: and, as she was a good girl, her mamma allowed her to do so; but she extinguished all the lights, excepting the lamp which hung from the ceiling, and which shed but a soft radiance.

Marie was hardly alone, when she carefully unbound the ribbon, and examined Nutcracker's bruises; then she laid him in the bed belonging to Mlle. Clara, the new doll, who looked very indignant and cross about it; and Marie was about to close the cupboard, when, hark! There began softly, softly, a whispering and rustling all around,—behind the stove, behind the chairs, behind the cupboards; and the clock on the wall ticked among them all louder and louder. Marie looked around, and had almost run terrified away,

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when, instead of the owl, there sat Papa Drosselmeier on the clock, with his yellow coat-tails hanging out like wings. But Marie composed herself, and said, almost crying, "Papa Drosselmeier, what do you want up there? Come down, and don't frighten me so, you naughty papa!"

But there began a strange whistling and ringing all around; and a thousand little feet trotted forth from the walls. Now Marie perceived that they were mice, and close at her feet; then raised themselves seven mouse-heads, with bright, gleaming crowns on them; and behind them wriggled a mouse's body, on which the seven heads had all grown; and thereupon the whole army of mice shouted in full chorus.

They went trot, trot, right up on Marie, who was still standing close by the glass door of the cupboard. Half fainting, she sank back; and, with a crash, there fell in shivers to the ground the pane, which she had broken through with her elbow.

But what was happening again? In the cupboard there began a mysterious bustling; and little voices sang, —

“The way’s all right:  
We’ll on to the fight  
This very night.”

All at once Nutcracker arose, cast far from him the coverlid, and called out, —

“Crick, crack,  
You stupid mouse-rabble!  
Crick, crack,  
What a veritable gabble!”

Thereupon he drew his little sword, and shouted, “My dear followers, will you stand by me in bloody battle?” Immediately three clowns, a buffoon, four chimney-sweeps, and a drummer, cried, “Yes, commander, we follow thee to death, victory, and battle,” and threw themselves down from the upper shelf after the inspired Nutcracker.

They had cast themselves down very carefully ; for they were richly dressed in cloth and silk, and had not much else in their bodies besides cotton-wool and sawdust. But poor Nutcracker would certainly have broken his arms and legs, if Mlle. Clara had not sprung from the sofa, and caught the hero in her arms. Nutcracker, however, kicked in so unruly a way, that she was quickly obliged to set him down on the floor. Then she unfastened her belt, and desired him to put it on. But Nutcracker drew back two paces, and said, " Not thus, O lady ! should your favors be wasted upon an ungrateful one." Thereupon he tore in two the ribbon with which Marie had bound him up, hung it as a sash upon his shoulder, sighed deeply, and then sprang nimbly over the ledge of the cupboard.

And now, at last, began in earnest a frightful piping and squeaking. Nutcracker shouted, " Beat the General's March, faithful drummers ! "

*(Music No. 4.)*

Now began a racing and running; and Fritz's entire collection of soldiers assembled from all the shelves in the cupboard, under the command of Nutcracker. He ran here and there, speaking inspiring words to the troops.

"Not a dog of the trumpeters is stirring," exclaimed he, exasperated; then he turned quickly to the buffoon, who had grown somewhat pale, and wagged his long chin a great deal.

"General, to your bravery I confide both cavalry and artillery. You will not need a horse, for you have very long legs. Now do your duty."

And now boomed Fritz's cannon with a pum! pum! pur! pur! shooting ginger-nuts constantly under the mice; so that they fell: but yet they displayed continually more forces. This much was certain, that each army fought with the greatest vindictiveness, and for a long time the victory

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wavered to and fro. Pantalón, the buffoon, had made some very brilliant cavalry charges, and covered himself with glory; but Fritz's hussars were pelted by the mouse artillery with horrid, disagreeable-smelling balls, which made bad spots on their red waistcoats; for which reason they did not wish to advance. Pantalón allowed them to wheel to the left; and, in the excitement of the command, he made it the same for the cuirassiers and dragoons; that is to say, they all wheeled to the left, and went home.

“The reserve shall come out,” cried Nutcracker, who hoped that new troops would appear from the glass cupboard. There really came out through the gates some men and women, with gilded faces, hats, and helmets; but these fought so unskilfully, that they had soon fought the hat off the head of their own commander. Now Nutcracker, closely surrounded by enemies, was in the greatest distress. He wished to spring

over the ledge of the cupboard; but his legs were too short. Then he cried, in despair, "A horse, a horse, a kingdom for a horse!" At that instant two hostile sharpshooters seized him by his wooden cloak. "Oh, my poor Nutcracker!" cried Marie, and threw her shoe with great force into the thickest masses of the mice, right upon their king. In an instant all were scattered, and fled. Marie realized a piercing pain in her elbow, and fell fainting to the ground.

When Marie awoke from her deep sleep, she was lying in bed, and the sun was shining brightly through the frosty window. By her bedside sat her mother, watching her with an anxious, inquiring gaze. "O mamma!" whispered Marie, "are the hateful mice all gone? and is Nutcracker saved?"

"Don't say such foolish things, Marie!" said her mother. "You have given us great anxiety; for I found you, after midnight, faint and bleed-

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ing, in front of the glass cupboard. The surgeon has taken the glass from your arm; and you must remain very quietly in bed until the wound is healed. That comes of children's being wilful. You must have become sleepy from playing. Some mouse, springing out, frightened you; and you broke through a pane of glass in the cupboard with your arm. There you lay, with Nutcracker on your bleeding arm, and various broken knick-knacks around you,—some dolls, and Fritz's leaden soldiers."

Marie was obliged to remain many days in bed, and take medicine; but that was not at all disagreeable to her, since she knew that Nutcracker was saved. Several times it seemed to come to her in a dream, as if he distinctly whispered, "Marie, beloved lady, I owe you very much; but there is still more that you can do for me." She thought a great deal about that, as to what it could be; but it did not occur to her at all. At



twilight Papa Drosselmeier came to inquire for Marie; but, when she saw him in his yellow coat, the scene of the battle came vividly before her eyes, and she cried, "You naughty papa! why didn't you help poor Nutcracker? Isn't it your fault that I am lying here in bed?" The papa made very remarkable grimaces, and said, speaking in his throat, "Pendulum must rattle: it isn't ready to tick,—schnarr and schnurr, and pirr and purr."

(With these separated clauses, the music recommences.)

(No. 5. *Papa Drosselmeier's Clockmaker's Song.*)

(The words "schnarr" and "schnurr," and "pirr" and "purr," can be repeated softly, and be lost in the music.)

(Pause till the end of No. 5.)

Marie felt really very badly because the papa sang in such a strange way. Her mother shook her head, and said, "That is indeed a peculiar jest, dear Herr Drosselmeier." He turned ab-

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ruptly to Marie, and said, "Don't be provoked: I have done something to please you." Whereupon, he drew from his pocket Nutcracker, whose teeth he had replaced, and whose broken jaw-bone he had reset.

Marie shouted for joy. The papa said, "Now you must confess that Nutcracker is not particularly well formed, and his face could not be called exactly handsome. The way such homeliness came to be in his family, I will tell you; and Papa Drosselmeier related the story of the beautiful Princess Pirlipat, who was changed into an ugly little dwarf, that came to pass as follows:—

"The queen, Pirlipat's mother, at the great court-feasts, always undertook herself the important and needful operation of sausage-making. The king, her husband, had only to say to her laughingly, 'My dear, you already know how fond I am of sausages!' Then the queen put on her damask cooking-apron, the high treasurer

delivered the golden saucepans in the kitchen, and the queen commenced her work. She had just begun to roast the fat, when Frau Mause-rinks, for many years a member of the royal kitchen army, came bustling forward, and begged a bit of fat. The queen, being an amiable lady, indulged her in her wish; but then came all the friends and relatives of Frau Mauserinks, and at last her seven sons, ill-bred, good-for-nothing fel-lows, who would have eaten up nearly all the fat, had not the head court stewardess come to the queen's assistance, and chased them all away.

“ The small amount of fat which remained was, by arrangement of the court mathematician, di-vided among the sausages; but the king discovered the mischief at the first taste, and flew into such a rage, when they told him the reason of it, that he determined to destroy Frau Mauserinks and all her kindred.

“ The court clockmaker (who had the same

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name as the godfather, Elias Drosselmeier) invented ingenious machines by which roasted fat was prepared on a little cord; and, though Frau Mauserinks was much too wise and acute to fall into the trap herself, yet the greater part of her relatives, and her seven sons, were ensnared by the sweet odor,— were caught, and ignominiously put to death.

“ The court rejoiced; but the queen was anxious, for she knew the revengeful character of the enemy; and, sure enough, one night Princess Pirlipat was bewitched by Frau Mauserinks into a hideous little dwarf. All in the court were in despair. They were obliged to have the king’s library hung with wadded tapestry, because he incessantly ran against the wall with his head, crying, ‘ Oh, unhappy monarch that I am!’

“ Then the royal astronomer, with the help of the skilful Drosselmeier, succeeded in casting, by the stars, the horoscope of the princess, which

declared that the princess could be freed from the spell if she ate the kernel of the nut 'Krak-atuk.' But the shell of this nut was so hard, that a forty-eight-pound cannon could drive over it without breaking it. It must be bitten in two, before the princess, by a man who had never been shaved, and had never worn boots, and the kernel given to her by him, with closed eyes; and he must not open his eyes again until he had gone seven steps backwards without stumbling. The king was infuriated over the difficulty of finding such a man, and promised to have the astronomer, together with Drosselmeier, beheaded, if they did not immediately procure such an one.

"Despairingly both left the castle, and were journeying fifteen years without finding any trace of the nut. Then the royal clockmaker, Drosselmeier, turned with inexpressible longing to his native city Nürnberg; and, wonderful to relate, at his cousin Zacharias Drosselmeier's, the doll

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dealer's, he found not only the nut (upon which was distinctly engraved the word 'Krakatuk'), but also a most excellent young man, his cousin's son, who had never yet worn boots, and had never been shaved. In his earlier youth, during some Christmas seasons, he had been a jumping-jack; but one would no longer notice that. Christmas days he wore a fine coat trimmed with gold, and a dagger; and, with inborn gallantry, he cracked nuts for young ladies. It was not difficult for the ambassador to induce the young man to follow him, especially as the king, in the joy of his heart at the finding of the nut, had promised, to him who could crack it, the hand of the princess. Many young princes had already ruined their teeth when young Drosselmeier arrived; and (thanks to a fine strong wig which the uncle had fastened to the back of his head!) on putting the nut into his mouth, he gave the wig a hard pull, and Crack! crack! the shell was

broken in many pieces. With a scraping bow, he presented the kernel to the princess, and began to step backwards. She had hardly swallowed the nut, when, behold! she was changed into a most beautiful lady. Trumpets and kettle-drums mingled with the rejoicings of the people. The king and his entire court danced about on one leg, and disconcerted Drosselmeier (who had yet to complete his seven steps) not a little. Then Frau Mauserinks, squealing and squeaking, raised herself from the floor; so that Drosselmeier stepped on her, stumbled, and was instantly misshapen, just as the princess had previously been. But the anger of Frau Mauserinks was appeased. She lay bleeding upon the ground, crushed by Drosselmeier's feet, and, with a cry of revenge, died.

“The king burned with rage against the poor deformed Drosselmeier, and had him, together with his uncle and the royal astronomer, expelled

from the palace. That had not, to be sure, stood in the horoscope; but the astronomer would not, on that account, be prevented from taking an observation. He read in the stars, that, notwithstanding his misfortune, Drosselmeier, in his new position, would yet become king; and his deformity could also disappear, if the seven-headed son of Frau Mauserinks were to fall by his hand, and a lady were to become fond of him, even though he were misshapen. This young Drosselmeier must have been seen at Christmas time in his father's shop at Nürnberg, as Nutcracker, and yet as a prince."

So Papa Drosselmeier related it; and Marie thought that the Princess Pirlipat was a horrid, ungrateful thing.

After eight long days, Marie could again rise; and although at first it made her very dizzy, yet she quickly became better, and soon sprang about the room as joyfully as before. In the glass cup-



board stood Nutcracker, with his friendly smile. All at once Marie's heart fell to think that every thing which Papa Drosselmeier had related, except Nutcracker's affair with the seven-headed son of Frau Mauserinks, had occurred. Now she knew, also, that her dear Nutcracker could be none other than the young Drosselmeier, the papa's agreeable but unfortunately bewitched nephew: also it was perfectly clear to her that Papa Drosselmeier and the court clockmaker at Pirlipat's father's were the same person.

In the evening she said to the judge, "Papa Drosselmeier, why don't you help your nephew, when you know that he stands at open warfare with that wicked Frau Mauserink's son?" The doctor shook his head, and said, "What nonsense this girl gets into her head!" Papa Drosselmeier laughed mysteriously, and, speaking more softly than usual, said, "That is more possible for you, dear Marie, to do, than for any

of us. You are, like Pirlipat, a true princess, and you reign in a happy kingdom : you must endure a great deal if you would interest yourself for poor Nutcracker : so be resolute and faithful.”

One moonlight night Marie was awakened by a remarkable noise. “ The mice, the mice ! ” she cried out, frightened ; and truly on the table by her bed perched the Mouseking with glittering eyes, and whispered, “ Hi, hi, you little thing ! you must give me all your dolls, your Christmas candy and sugarplums : if you don’t, I will bite your Nutcracker to pieces.”

In the evening Marie placed the fine things on the ledge of the cupboard with much regret ; but she did not care much longer about it, for on the next morning, when her mother complained of the dreadful mice, she knew that Nutcracker was still safe.

But how she must have felt the next evening, when the same noise was heard, and the Mouse-

king demanded all her picture-books and pretty dresses! Tremblingly she went to the cupboard the next morning, and said to Nutcracker, "Ah, my dear Herr Drosselmeier! what can I — poor little girl — do for you? If I were to give away all my beautiful things, even then the hateful Mouseking would demand more, and at last want to bite me, instead of you, to death."

Nutcracker whispered to her, "Most honored Demoiselle Stahlbaum, esteemed friend, how can I thank you for all? You shall sacrifice no more picture-books for me, only procure for me a sword, — a sword, — and I will answer for the rest. He shall" — Here Nutcracker's voice gave out; and his eyes became again fixed and lifeless. Marie skipped for joy, that she would be able to save Nutcracker without making any more painful sacrifices, and decided to ask Fritz's advice about obtaining a sword. He knew how to help her at once, and took a beautiful silver sabre from an

old colonel of his cuirassiers, who was living in the farthest corner of the cupboard, on a pension which Fritz had assigned to him. Owing to her great terror, the next night Marie could not close her eyes. At midnight there was a fearful disturbance in the sitting-room. Suddenly there sounded "Squeak!"

"The Mouseking!" cried Marie, full of horror. Then a voice said softly, "A joyful messenger, most esteemed demoiselle; be of good courage!" And before her stood Nutcracker, the bloody sword in his right hand, a wax light in his left. He fell upon one knee, and said, "To you alone I owe my preservation. Do not, O lady! scorn the proofs of victory from the hand of your most faithful knight. Mortally wounded lies the wicked Mouseking, and writhes, bleeding, upon the ground." Then he presented to Marie the seven golden crowns of the Mouseking, and continued, "Oh, my best demoiselle! now that I

have overcome my enemy, I could show you such magnificent sights, if you would but follow me a few steps. Oh, do come!" Marie knew that she could rely upon Nutcracker: so she said, "I will go with you, Herr Drosselmeier; but it must not be far, and must not be for long, as I have not yet had my sleep half out." — "I shall choose the shortest, although a somewhat inconvenient way," answered Nutcracker; and, to Marie's astonishment, he went to the great wardrobe which stood in the hall. Her father's fur travelling-coat hung in front. Nutcracker pulled the tassel which hung from the back of the coat; and instantly there appeared a delightful stairway of cedar through the sleeve. They ascended; and Marie had hardly looked out from the collar, when a dazzling light streamed around her, and she was at once standing on a beautiful meadow, from which gleamed innumerable rays, as if from precious stones. "We find ourselves upon the

Candy Meadow," said Nutcracker; and he clapped with his little hands. Immediately came some shepherds and shepherdesses, hunters and huntresses, so delicate and white, that one might have thought they were made of pure sugar. They brought a golden easy-chair for Marie, and then began to dance a very pretty ballet, for which the hunters very skilfully played their horns.

*(Music No. 6, Shepherd's Ballet.)*

"I beg pardon, esteemed demoiselle," said Nutcracker, "that the dance proved to be so miserable. The people are of our wire ballet, and can only do always the same thing."

"Oh! but it was all really very nice," said Marie, who arose, and was followed by Nutcracker.

They walked along by a sweet, babbling brook, from which the most delightful fragrance arose. "This is Orange Brook, which, with Lemonade

Stream (which surpasses it in size and beauty), soon empties into Almond-Milk Lake."

Not far distant, there flowed sluggishly a dark yellow water, the odor of which was uncommonly sweet. On its bank lay a snug little village, in which the houses were all dark brown, decorated with gilded roofs, and the walls were so gay, that one might suppose they were plastered with candied lemon-peel and almonds. "That is Gingerbread Valley, which lies on Honey Stream," said Nutcracker. "Very nice people live there; but they are almost all fretful, because they suffer a great deal from toothache. For that reason we will not go there, nor, indeed, visit all the little cities of this country, but hasten to the capital."

Eagerly and curiously Marie followed; and soon they came to a lake, the waters of which shone rose-colored; and the silvery, glittering waves rippled with wondrous lovely tones. Nutcracker clapped his hands; and at once there

came a shell barge, formed of precious stones, and drawn by golden-scaled dolphins, which carried her over the lake.

(*Music No. 7. Barcarole.*)

(The reading continues with the commencement of the music.)

Oh-how-beautiful-it-was-when-Marie-enveloped-in-the-breath-of-roses-and-borne-on-rosy-waves-glided-thither.

(Pause until the end of the music.)

Marie could not restrain a loud expression of admiration, when she stood before a brightly illuminated castle, whose roofs and towers were studded with thousands of gold and silver stars.

“We are before Confectionery Castle,” said Nutcracker; and then very soft music could be heard. Thereupon twelve little pages came out from the castle, with lighted allspice stems for



torches, in their hands. They were followed by four ladies, almost as large as Marie's new doll, and so perfectly beautiful, that Marie gazed in delight on these born princesses. They embraced Nutcracker, and cried at once, "Oh, my prince! oh, my brother!"

Then they embraced Marie, and exclaimed, "Ah, noble preserver of our prince-brother!" Marie and Nutcracker were now made to seat themselves in a magnificent hall, where the princesses began to set forth a most dainty repast. Then Nutcracker commenced relating the adventure of his fearful fight with the Mouseking; but to Marie it seemed gradually that his words sounded more and more distant. A strange singing and humming surrounded her; she felt herself rising higher and higher on surging waves; and — prr! puff! — all was gone.

And what a fall!

Marie opened her eyes. She lay in bed, and

before her stood her mother, scolding because she had slept quite past breakfast-time.

“O mamma! dear mamma! Nutcracker has shown me such beautiful things in the night!” cried Marie, and began to relate it all accurately.

Her mother thought that she had been having pleasant dreams; but when Marie, on the contrary, asserted that she had really passed through those scenes, her mother was vexed, and seriously forbade her chattering longer about such foolish things. So Marie could not speak further of it; but she thought all the more about the glorious scenes of the wonderful Fairyland.

At one time she was sitting before the glass cupboard, while Papa Drosselmeier was repairing the sitting-room clock; and, as she dreamingly gazed at Nutcracker, she involuntarily said aloud, “Ah, dear Herr Drosselmeier, if you were only really living, I wouldn't do as Princess Pirlipat

did, and scorn you, because, for my sake, you had ceased to be a fine-looking young man ! ”

At once the judge exclaimed, “ Oh, ho ! What nonsense ! ” and there was such a jostling and cracking, that Marie, overpowered, sank from her chair. When she again awoke, her mother was busily re-arranging her dress, and saying to her, “ How can such a great girl fall from her chair ! Here is the judge’s nephew come from Nürnberg : now be real good. ”

Marie looked up, and there stood by Papa Drosselmeier an extremely fine young man, elegantly dressed, and possessed of most delightful ways ; for he had brought Marie beautiful playthings, and Fritz a wonderfully nice sword. At table he cracked nuts for the whole company ; and even the hardest ones could not withstand him.

Marie became flushed like fire as she gazed at this youth ; and she blushed still more deeply,

when, after supper, he invited her to accompany him into the sitting-room, where, falling upon one knee, he said, "Most honored demoiselle, behold at your feet the fortune-favored Drosselmeier, whose life you saved on this very spot. You said, most kindly, that you would not do as did Princess Pirlipat: so at once I ceased to be an insignificant Nutcracker, and now beseech you to bless me with your adored hand; share with me kingdom and crown, and reign with me at Confectionery Castle."

Marie replied, "Dear Herr Drosselmeier, since you are such an amiable man, possess such a delightful country, and rule over such nice, agreeable people, I will take you for my bridegroom."

So Marie was betrothed to Drosselmeier. After a year he took her to his new home, in a golden carriage drawn by silver horses; and at her wedding danced twenty thousand of the glittering figures.

1 Score(s)

1 Part(s)



